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NO. 9.

## LITERARY.

### THE WATCHER.

BY J. H. ROGERS.

Deep shadows fall  
Like a sable pall,  
While the gathering gloom  
In the silent room  
Gives a weird look  
To each little nook.

The dusky air  
Hangs heavy there,  
While silence deep,  
Like a heavy sleep,  
Reigns over all  
In the lonely hall.

No light feet tread  
Round the little bed;  
No sound is heard—  
Not a whispered word—  
With suspended breath  
One looks on death.

Watching alone,  
Nor sigh nor moan  
Escape her now  
Calm is her brow;  
No salt tear flows;  
The dry eye shows  
The stony stare  
Of blank despair.

Hope's cheering ray  
Hath fled away  
With the fleeting breath  
Of the one in death.

On a little bed,  
With its snowy spread,  
A casket lies;  
In the fragrant eyes  
No soul-beam dance  
An answering glance;

And the gentle tone  
Hath forever flown  
From the silvery tongue,  
Whose accents rung  
In music dear  
To a mother's ear.

On the snowy brow  
Is clustering now,  
In masses rare,  
Her golden hair;  
Undying love  
Is forever wove  
In the threads of gold,  
Till Time hath rolled  
His last age through  
The heavens blue.

The eyes' brown fringe  
Leaves a dusky stray  
Where the roses strayed  
And the dimples played.  
The lips are pale  
And speak no tale;

The fond, fond kiss,  
With its load of bliss,  
No more shall come  
From the silent home.  
The limbs are still;  
The guiding will,  
That shaped their way  
Through life's young day,  
Hath gone from her  
'Mong the things that were.

And is this all?  
Must Oblivion's pall  
Swiftly descend  
At our journey's end,  
And forever close,  
In a dark repose,  
Over all we love?  
Is there no above—  
No brighter shore,  
Where evermore,  
In the vast beyond,  
Our treasures fond  
Shall bloom again  
On a starry plain?

Is there no life beyond the tomb?  
No light our lamp to reillumine?

No blessed sun,  
When life is done,  
To light again  
The extinguished flame?

Are there no bowers,  
Where withered flowers  
Again shall spring,  
And their fragrance fling  
O'er a tranquil sea  
Of eternity?

These questions came  
Like a scorching flame  
To the mourner's mind;  
She could not find  
An answer there,  
In her deep despair.

The loved one lost,  
Woe's blighting frost  
Her heart congeals;  
She no more feels  
Life's crimson tide  
Pressing her side;

The tyrant Death,  
With withering breath,  
Hath quenched hope's light  
In eternal night,  
Which once had shone  
In her little one.

Of hope bereft,  
What now is left,  
For the mourner there,  
But deep despair?  
She lifts her eyes  
To the azure skies,  
And calls in vain  
From the starry plain  
No answer flows,  
To heal her woes.

Once more her gaze,  
Through sorrow's haze,  
To the azure skies,  
On the dead is thrown;  
There a soft light shone:

It seemed to flow  
In a mellow glow,  
And dispelled the gloom  
From the silent room:  
It seemed to come  
From the azure dome,  
Gentle and calm,  
Breathing a balm  
To the wounded heart,  
Healing its smart;

White, standing near,  
Radiantly clear,  
Smiling serene,  
A form is seen.  
Her white robe's fold  
Was wet with gold,  
From the sunlight wove  
In her home above;

While a softer light,  
'Mong her tresses bright,  
Seemed to flash and play,  
Like the beams of day.  
Then a sweet voice spoke,  
The silver sound  
Trembled around,  
Like forgotten notes,  
That often float  
On the passing air,  
From we know not where.

The bright form smiled,  
Looked on the child,  
Then gently said,  
"She is not dead;  
My spirit comes  
From the ether domes,  
With eternal light  
To chase the night  
From thy crushed soul;  
I come to roll  
From realms afar,  
Truth's silver car  
On the sister shore,  
Where evermore  
Hope's steady ray  
Shall light thy way,  
Till thou shalt glide  
O'er the waveless tide;  
And the misty cloud  
Thy soul enshrouds  
This light dispels,  
And a story tells  
Of a golden strand  
In a better land,  
Where white forms glide  
O'er the crystal tide,  
And their songs break through  
The heavens blue,  
Rolling sublime  
On the shores of time—  
Telling to earth  
Of the spirit's birth  
In a brighter sphere  
Than it dwells in here.  
I hear them sing,  
And their voices ring,  
In music dear  
To a mortal's ear.  
The clouds unroll,  
And a silver scroll  
Hangs in the air,  
Suspended there  
By a golden thread,  
From a loved one's head,  
Of a spirit fled.  
Her robes of white  
Were the stars' pure light,  
Which a radiance gave  
To each rippling wave  
Of golden hair  
That floated there.  
Over the scroll  
The sunbeams roll,  
While the letters play  
In a golden ray.  
The bright path tells  
Where the lost one dwells."

The spirit fades:  
Again pervades  
The heavy gloom  
In the silent room;  
But the child hath fled  
From around the dead,  
And the shadows cast  
By woe's wild blast  
Hath vanished now  
From the mourner's brow;

Her spirit's light  
Beheld the light;  
The sad one smiled—  
She had found her child!

### Some Things Love Me.

All within and all without me  
Feel a melancholy thrill;  
And the darkness hangs above me,  
O, how still!  
To my feet the river glideth,  
Through the shadow—sullen, dark,  
On the stream the white moon riseth,  
Like a bark—  
And the linden leans above me,  
Till I think some things there be,  
In this dreary world, that love me,  
Even me!

Gentle flowers are springing near me,  
Shedding sweetest breath around;  
Countless voices rise to cheer me,  
From the ground;  
And the lone bird comes, I hear it,  
In the tall and windy pine,  
Pour the sadness of its spirit  
Into mine.

There it sweeps and wings above,  
Till I think some things there be,  
In this dreary world, that love me,  
Even me!

Now the moon has floated to me;  
On the stream I see it sway,  
Swinging boatlike, as 'twould woo me  
Far away;  
And the stars bend from the azure,  
I could reach them where I lie,  
And they whisper of the pleasure  
In the sky.

There they hang and smile above me,  
Till I think some things there be,  
In the very heavens, that love me,  
Even me!

Now when comes the tide of even,  
Like a solemn river, slow,  
Gentle eyes, akin to heaven,  
On me glow—

Loving eyes, that tell their story,  
So asking to my heart of hearts;  
But I sigh, "A thing of gloom  
Seen departs!"  
Yet when Mary fades above me,  
I must think that there will be  
One more thing in heaven to love me,  
Even me!

## OLIVE BRANCH.

### A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Written expressly for the Banner of Progress.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DUGAL.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

"But this is worshipping society,  
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself."

The same post, which had brought the letter to Olive, brought one also for the mother, which gave as great comfort as the first, though in quite another way. It spoke of the very successful progress of the business in hand, with a suggestion that, before the winter really closed in, he might be able to rejoin the home circle, at dear old Elm-side. But, above all, it breathed the most sincere and ardent aspirations for good—a desire to relieve his early waste of life, and to achieve something worthy of himself, and of those he so tenderly loved.

Hardly were these subjects dispatched, when the great wagon of the farm came lumbering up the avenue, heavily laden. Various pieces of furniture, with package after package, were deposited in the hall; and Olive was called to assist in unpacking, and setting free, the various parcels. In due course of the operations, not only appeared a harp and guitar, but quite a little library of French, German, and Italian works, to say nothing of several minor decorations for the parlors and the chamber of Olive. The poor girl was almost overwhelmed with the possession of the instruments, which were very beautiful, and of the finest tone.

"Why, mamma, what did make you think of buying them?" asked Olive, as she struck the chords, first of one, and then of the other.

"Why, do you not remember, my love, you were telling me, a few days since, how well you loved, and how much you used to practice them?"

"Ah! dear mamma!" responded Olive; "dear, generous mamma! I shall hardly dare to admire a star, lest you should try to get it for me!"

Mrs. Holmes kissed the fair cheek that was laid so lovingly against her own; and then said: "You know I am a great economist, Olive. I can afford to spend very little money for gilding, or any mere outside decorations; but in everything that promotes a true social enjoyment—in all that refines, and elevates, and harmonizes, I trust you will never find me a niggard. Pictures, statuary, music, and books—whatever, in short, assists us in educating those faculties which can never die—so long as I have any means of procuring them, I must be indulged in. And this very spirit of economy, Olive, will not permit me to see all your precious time and genius wasted. No, my child. I am going to make all your powers available, as the mercantile phrase is. Our gifts, Olive, whatever they may be, are not for ourselves only, but for others also—to make those we associate with better and happier. And therefore I hold that no flower should

Or waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Now, hear me, Olive! I am going to take you into society, my love. You will have to contribute your full share to the social relations of life. And now, dear, I will tell you why I did not take you to-day, as I saw you wished I would. I not only wanted to surprise you by these little matters, but I also did not like to exhibit you beforehand, or subject you to the awkwardness of making first calls anywhere; for you must know I have been drumming up some of my choicest friends to-day; and considering I have been immured so long, I think I have made a tolerably fair recruit. So on next Thursday, my love, we are to have a party—not exactly of 'just half a chosen people,' but five or six times that, at least."

"O, mamma!" sighed Olive, throwing herself into the arms of the kind matron; "you are so good—but—"

"But what, my love?" interrupted Mrs. Holmes. "Forgive me, mamma; but I am so happy here—just as we are. If we could have been spared to each other only a little longer!"

"Our happiness will not be disturbed by these good people, but greatly increased; for they are the very elite of Boston and Cambridge. You are fitted to adorn society; and when Wilfred returns, he must know that he has not the sole prerogative of admiring you. Men are sometimes very curious and wayward beings; and they are very apt to value a treasure more if it is appreciated by others; and especially is this true of Wilfred; for his appropriateness, it must be confessed, is a little too large."

"But surely it cannot be necessary on that ground, mamma!" still persisted Olive; "for certainly, when Wilfred first saw me, it was through a disguise in all things—dress, manner, and condition—which very few could have penetrated; and there could have been nothing about me to flatter his vanity."

"That is all very true. It is not necessary, as you say, Olive—but best, my love. You know Wilfred has been a man of the world. He must see that you are his equal in all things—even in fortune, my dear Olive; for he has very little, if anything, of his own right, and this place—our old homestead of many generations—O, Olive! I have truly made you my own; for I have, by a solemn will and testament, provided, that, should you have no children, or should anything interrupt your marriage, you shall inherit this estate, as an equal and co-heir with Wilfred."

With all the unbounded kindness that had been heaped on her, Olive was not prepared for this rare and wonderful act of generosity.

"O, mamma! you oppress me with your goodness!" she at length murmured through her tears; "I cannot bear it; indeed, I cannot!"

"No, my child, you are not indebted to me," returned the other, drawing the girl to her bosom, and speaking very low. "From the moment I heard the story, which Wilfred told me on his return, after having left you in Boston, I determined, if you really were what he represented, to do this. He had sought to inflict an injury for which nothing could atone; but you, my love, in your almost miraculous resistance and triumph, have not only saved yourself, but restored my son—to himself—to me. We do, indeed, both owe you a debt, which no mere money—no amount of fortune—could repay. I resolved then that, should you be found—as I was determined you should be—you should never be united with Wilfred on less than equal terms; for I expected, Olive, you would be a good, brave and true-hearted girl; but O, I did not expect what I have found you! So you see, my love, it is only common justice that I should, as a woman, do what I can to retrieve so great a wrong."

"I can only know now, you are so good, and so generous, mamma, that it makes me happy to think of you, without any regard to myself, just as if you were an angel, dear mamma!" murmured Olive.

"Do you know, dear," responded Mrs. Holmes, again wiping away her tears, "I think you have the sweetest little way of saying those beautiful things—I will not call them compliments."

"And do you know," returned Olive, "that I think you have the sweetest way of conferring a favor? for I can truly say with Ophelia—"

"You gave me gifts,  
And with them words of so sweet breath composed,  
As made the things more rich."

Mrs. Holmes kissed the soft cheek that was pressed lovingly against her own, for answer; and then, after a momentary silence, she added: "You must indulge my motherly pride in witnessing the sensation which I know you must produce, and that in such a circle, too, where one may well be proud to shine!" Thus saying, she quietly slid into other topics, frequently consulting Olive, asking her opinion or advice, and thus indirectly paying the best of all praise to a delicate and loving mind, by the tacit acknowledgment of ability and usefulness. And in this way she soothed her, until the glad and buoyant spirit of youth came back again.

"All this makes me think of a fairy tale!" she said, lifting her bright head; and, springing to the floor, she sang the song of Titania:

"O, I am a fair and Fairy Queen!"

Then wafting round Mrs. Holmes a moment, she went to tune and try the guitar, leaving the harp, as she said, till she was a little quieter.

The party, notwithstanding the remonstrances of many a fair reader, we must pass over—preparations, dresses, and effects—save only this, that Olive, with all her beauty, varied accomplishments, sweetness of nature, and fine intellect, did create a sensation; and that hardly less than if a star had suddenly shot from heaven and fallen into their midst. Nor had Mrs. Holmes overrated the advantages which were to be derived from such society. For the first time since the death of her father, the fine powers of Olive were expanded with the freedom, strength, and joy of nature; and the delight which she gave in the intimate friendships which were thus begun returned to her own bosom.

#### CHAPTER XV.

"These tidings nip me; and I hang the head  
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms."  
—*Edna Anderson.*

Summer sang and danced itself away; and we must not linger in our story. The serene October skies dropped their blue curtain, so delicately embroidered with the soft, white, fleecy clouds; and the golden Autumn sat smiling in the midst of her bloom and fruitage. And now they began, daily, to look for the return of Wilfred; and many little preparations and arrangements were quietly made for this event. Poor little, loving Olive was already counting the days, when a packet of letters came instead. She trembled with a kind of vague fear that something unpleasant was coming. This did not escape the eye of Mrs. Holmes, who, however, quietly broke the seal of her letter and began to read it; while Olive sat trembling, with hers in her hand.

She saw the mother turn slightly pale; and, regarding her with an alarmed and agitated countenance, she cried: "Speak, dear mamma! what

is it? Has anything happened to prevent—pray, dear mamma! what is it?"  
"Be quiet, my love," said Mrs. Holmes, drawing the agitated girl to her arms, and kissing her cheek; "you know that disappointments are sometimes necessary, to correct and restrain, to strengthen and fortify us in all good," she continued, as Olive, so far from obeying the injunction, burst into tears.

"O, tell me! tell me quick, mamma?" she cried.

"Is it—*is it anything very bad?*"

"Be patient, dear, and hear me. I believe that, so far from being bad, it is just the best thing that could happen. Listen to me. Wilfred has written us, to know if we will confirm his purpose of lengthening his stay a little longer—only a very little longer, it may be, my child," continued Mrs. Holmes, as she saw how pale Olive became. "Nay! my dear, look up, and be a true woman—worthy to have been descended of the Puritans—to say nothing of the good General whose name you bear. My son, Wilfred, you know, my dear, has but lately begun to engage in business matters, and to act with the sobriety of an honorable man. Should not we, then, seek to confirm him in all these tendencies, and especially in whatever he undertakes, as a means of acquiring a true independence? He has a fine opportunity now opening, both for business and improvement—being nothing less than a situation as private tutor to the son of a very rich English nobleman, who is slightly related to us, my dear, and who has, I doubt not, been struck with the gentlemanly bearing, not less than the fine scholarship of our dear Wilfred, who, amid all his profligacy, never lost his taste for art and intellectual pursuits. He is to have the advantage of traveling through the principal countries of Europe. If he should continue in the place, I think it would be—"

"But it will take so long—so very long!" interrupted Olive, again bursting into tears.

"Perhaps he may not go; and indeed he will not, if we object. But I do really think it is best. Still, I will only lay the facts before you, and let your own reason decide. Come, my love, wipe your eyes, now, and read your letter; for we must be thinking of this matter seriously and earnestly. To-morrow an answer must be dispatched."

Poor Olive yielded the point, though not with a very good grace. Mrs. Holmes was ambitious that her son should do something worthy of the fine powers which he had so long abused, by neglecting to associate them with that moral dignity of character, without which the most brilliant genius is deformed, or obscured, by unnatural grossness; and Olive saw how fondly she bent her mind on the hope of seeing him all that he should be, especially in this position, which would throw him into company with the most distinguished men, wherever he might go; for the old noble was quite a *savant*, and his name, alone, would attract the most learned and intellectual of every place. For some time, indeed, Olive's step was stiller about the house; and she looked a little pale and care-worn with the long, weeping nights which followed this severe disappointment. But by-and-by a truer strength was awakened. She perceived how selfish she had been, in her unwillingness to spare Wilfred, that he might not only enjoy these rare advantages, but ascend to a higher position as a man. And thus the struggle worked out for her a truer womanhood, and a higher strength. Then came his letters, to break the long monotony of absence, by transporting her, in idea, to the scenes he had known and enjoyed. They were eminently descriptive, brilliant, and life-like—as well they might be; for Wilfred was a person of taste, thought, and great observing power. But what made them most valuable in the eyes and heart of Olive were the electrical and invisible links of sympathy, which apparently bound her to everything bright and beautiful, as if she had been always, in the spirit, consciously near and present with him.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

DEAFNESS OR BLINDNESS.—One of the many advantages of hearing, over sight, as a guardian sense, arises from the fact that in the material world warnings of danger come mainly through the ear. This is, first, because, during half the time, darkness prevails over the world, then the sentinel at the eye is off guard; but the one at the ear listens during all the waking hours; and, even when the body sleeps, is still half awake; for the ear shuts no lid, as the eyes do. And second, because the eye receives no warning unless the rays of light strike nearly from the front, and therefore more than half the circle round us is unguarded. But the ear gathers in sounds not only from all around, but from above and below. Unless the rattlesnake be in the direct path, the eye sees him not, while the ear catches the first note of warning, come it from where it may. The thinnest substance stops light; but sound traverses thick walls. Besides, sight is more voluntary—almost automatic, indeed. Sight is more shut out easily; sounds with difficulty. You can be blind at will; you cannot shut out all sound, even by stopping the ears.—*Dr. Howe.*

DR. CHANNING insisted that the history of the world should be rewritten. He said we have the outside of great events and not the inside, and that we want an interior view into the springs of action, a relation of the motives that have influenced the great dramatists on the theater of the world's operations, in order to arrive at the truth of history.

TRUE.—No one has a right to hiss a public speaker. If he does not like to hear the speech, he ought to leave the audience. It has been said that there are but three animals that hiss—the goose, the viper and the blackguard.



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## The Sunday Question.

In our last issue, we discussed this question principally from a Bible standpoint, confining ourselves to the subject of the seventh-day Sabbath. But there are other Sabbaths mentioned in the Bible, that God commanded to be observed by his people as a statute forever in all generations. If the seventh-day Sabbath is observed as a holy day simply because it has a "thus saith the Lord" for its authorization, by what authority should we discard and cease to teach the sacredness of other Sabbaths, for which the commands are just as clear, distinct, and imperative? In Leviticus, 23d chapter, commencing at the 26th verse, we read as follows: "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Also, on the tenth day of this seventh month, there shall be a day of atonement; it shall be a holy convocation unto you, and ye shall afflict your souls, and offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord. And ye shall do no work in that same day; for it is a day of atonement." Again, in the 30th verse: "And whatsoever soul it be that doeth any work in that same day, the same will I destroy from among his people. Ye shall do no manner of work: it shall be a statute forever throughout your generations in all your dwellings. It shall be unto you a Sabbath of rest, and ye shall afflict your souls: in the ninth day of the month at even, from even unto even, shall ye celebrate your Sabbath." How came it about that this command is entirely ignored, and that relating to the seventh day is held so sacred? Will the Doctors of Divinity be kind enough to explain? Again, in the 20th chapter, we read of a Sabbath of years: "Six years thou shalt sow thy field, and six years thou shalt prune thy vineyard, and gather in the fruit thereof; but in the seventh year shall be a Sabbath of rest unto the land, a Sabbath for the Lord: thou shalt neither sow thy field nor prune thy vineyard. That which growth of its own accord of thy harvest thou shalt not reap, neither gather the grapes of thy vine undressed: for it is a year of rest unto the land." Where is the believer in the Bible who even thinks of keeping this commandment? Where is the husbandman in California, believer or not, who would hesitate to gather the crop that "growth of its own accord"? Provided it was an abundant one, it would matter little in what year it had grown, whether the sixth or the seventh. And yet this command has a "thus saith the Lord" for authority, and claims to have been given amid the thunderings and lightnings of Sinai's darkly shadowed mount. Again, in the 23d chapter, 38th verse, we read as follows of another Sabbath, the command concerning which is, that it shall be kept to all generations as a statute forever: "Besides the Sabbaths of the Lord, and besides your gifts, and besides all your vows, and besides all your free-will offerings, which ye give unto the Lord, also on the fifteenth day of the seventh month, when ye have gathered in the fruit of the land, ye shall keep a feast unto the Lord seven days: on the first day shall be a Sabbath, and on the eighth day shall be a Sabbath. And ye shall take you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm-trees, and boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook; and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days in the year; it shall be a statute forever in your generations; ye shall celebrate it in the seventh month." There are other Sabbaths commanded in the Bible, which we will not speak of now. Sufficient has already been quoted to show conclusively that, if a "thus saith the Lord" makes an institution sacred and imperative, then the believers in the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath are as much in fault as others. We defy any theologian to show that the seventh-day Sabbath is any more binding upon mankind than those named above. Furthermore, we defy any theologian, who believes in the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath, to show a good, legitimate reason for the change of the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week. Again, if it can be proved that the Sabbath is indeed a religious institution, the argument which must necessarily be used will prove that these Sabbatarians are the most egregious Sabbath-breakers in the world. This great act concerning the sacred observance of the Sabbath is a mere farce, played by clerical actors to deceive the people. If each returning Sunday only brought a full house of hearers and a big grist to their mills to be tolled, the people might do what they pleased for the remainder of the day, and nothing would be said about it. Every one who has good common sense, and has been a close observer of men and things

for the last few years, can readily discover that it is more the fleece than the flock that the clergy care for. Just take away the fleece, and the wolves would have possession of the flock in a short time. And, so long as our enactments are so foolish and blind as to pass such enactments as the Sunday law, the people will feel the iron heel of the old religious hierarchy resting upon them. For ourselves, we are glad to see it. Let the clergy ride booted and spurred over society; the sharper the spur and the oftener it is applied, the sooner will their ride be ended. These spasmodic and periodical efforts to readjust themselves more firmly upon community show that they are by no means confident in their power to retain their positions. Drive with a looser rein and kinder hand, gentlemen, if you do not wish to be thrown.

## A "Haunted" House.

The Bulletin's Washington correspondent recites a story of what he calls "a ridiculous and inexplicable excitement," in Washington. We quote the passage, for the purpose of making a few comments. It is as follows:

"A ridiculous and inexplicable excitement occurred in the part of Washington known as the Island. A small house in the neighborhood of Eighth street, public difficulty, cannot be ascertained, but it is of various articles across the different apartments, unaided by human agency. At the same time a child of nine years old, and the youngest of the household, declared herself able to see and read volumes of mysterious communications traced upon the wall, all relating to spiritual influence. The story of this haunted domicile soon spread abroad, and crowds collected in the neighborhood, many of whom, gaining admittance to the premises, were gratified by seeing the furniture moving about in all directions and hearing the sound of heavy dragging on the floor overhead. These things, being reported, soon spread the excitement, and, as the story went, the child was a powerful medium, owing to whose presence these demonstrations all took place. The police disapproved of the increasing crowds, which made the street impassable, arrested the little girl, and took her to the station-house for the purpose of undergoing an examination in relation to her qualities as a seer. Whether the spirits were insulted at such a proceeding and retired in disgust, or whether they desired to save the little witch from public difficulty, cannot be ascertained, but it is certain that immediately the child left the house, the noises ceased, and peace was restored to the borders."

Are the days of witchcraft returning upon us? and must every innocent child who is found to be a medium of spirit communion be dragged to prison as a "witch," simply because the willfully ignorant police and populace choose to consider the occurrences taking place through its mediumship as a "breach of the peace"? Undoubtedly the Bulletin's correspondent, and its editors also, think this the proper way to meet the issue presented for examination and fair investigation by fair and free minds; but a time is coming, and even now is, when such a method as they approve will not be tolerated among a free people. Neither will the sneering and flippant manner in which these things are spoken of by that journal and its correspondents retard for one moment the progress of the great truth to which the occurrences above recorded unmistakably point. During the next five years, we may expect greater disturbances of the equilibrium of policemen from this cause, as well as events more startling to the stubborn skepticism of the would-be leaders of public opinion who write for the press. Many will undoubtedly have cause to feel ashamed of their present mean and dastardly course toward Spiritualists, and of their willful ignorance of what they assume to judge. We shall have more to say on this subject by-and-by. Meantime, let the course of the Bulletin and other journals be carefully noted by all who have accepted the facts of Spiritualism as a ground of faith in immortality; and, when the days of restitution come, let us exact the full measure of the penalty which these journals have incurred for their mean and bigoted persecution of the friends of progress and the believers in the vital truths of our beautiful philosophy.

The "wonderful second-sight" of the magician now performing in this city may be accounted for in two ways, beside the possibility of his making use of an independent clairvoyant for the purpose. He may have an accomplice behind the scenes, who sees through a hole whatever the magician does or takes hold of, and whispers accordingly to the banded youth in the chair; or the magician and the youth aforesaid may have adopted a complete tabular system or list of articles or things to be taken hold of in regular order, which list can be easily repeated from memory. The first suggestion, however, seems most probable, from the fact stated, that sometimes no words are uttered by the magician, but only signs made by the hands and arms.

NEW TYPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—We observe that a new organization of journeymen printers has been formed in this city, numbering upwards of fifty members. By a neatly printed circular from their officers we gather the fact that their basis of association is broader and more liberal toward its own members than that of the old Society, as well as more reasonable in its demands on employers. We know many of the members of the new Society to be good workmen and deserving of the confidence of the master printers of the city and State. Their headquarters may be found at No. 30 Government House, corner of Sansome and Washington streets.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE LYCEUM.—All who are interested in the success of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of this city, are invited to be present at a meeting to be held at Congress Hall on Sunday, March 10th, at 11 o'clock, A. M. As matters of great importance to the success and usefulness of the Lyceum will be considered, it is hoped its friends will exert themselves to be present and aid us with their advice.

DR. BENSON'S Lectures on Psychology, were well attended, considering the dull weather, and were interesting to the audience, affording considerable amusement as well as instruction. They will be repeated on Friday and Saturday evenings, March 8th and 9th, at Congress Hall.

BROTHER J. D. PRENSON'S article in the Philo-sophical Department is unavoidably deferred till our next issue, for want of space.

## Clerical Child-Murderer Convicted.

The N. Y. Tribune gives the following account of the trial and conviction of the clergyman who whipped his child to death for refusing to say his prayers:

The case of Joel Lindsey, the clergyman of Shelby, Orleans Co., N. Y., who in June last caused the death of his son, three years of age, by whipping for disobedience, came up for trial at Albion on an indictment for manslaughter in the second degree. The physician who made a post-mortem examination gave the circumstances of the whipping as related to him by Lindsey; he said, about 9 o'clock on the night of its death his wife (who was not the child's mother) went to correct the child for something it refused to do, she failed to make him, and he stepped in to do it; he said he commenced correcting him with a piece of shingle; he whipped and talked to him alternately for 2 1/2 hours; he reasoned with him and tried to make him mind; at the end of 2 1/2 hours saw a change, stopped whipping him, laid him on a couch and called his wife; she came and said, "Why, Johnny is dying!" he said he guessed not, and took him to the lounge, and he died in his arms; he said the child fainted or had a spasm; it rolled up its eyes and became stiff and died. A neighbor who was called in immediately after death testified that Lindsey was much moved, walking up and down the room and exclaiming repeatedly, "He's gone; poor Johnny is dead; I have whipped him to death!"

Preparations were made for burying the child the next day, but the Coroner interfered. The body was taken out of the coffin and examined by the doctors. On one side of the forehead there was a mark of discoloration, all every color, showing a bruise, which colored to within two inches from the shoulder and down to near the elbow; the discoloration covered nearly all the outside; below the elbow the arms were discolored in the back; the backs of the hands were bruised and swollen; the backs of the fingers were bruised more than the hands; the skin of the hands was much swollen; the marks of the point of the hip posteriorly, the parts were discolored, except about the knees, and the same below the knees to the feet; the spots on the bottom of the feet were discolored; the size of the bruises was about as large as a 50 cent piece, and were irregular in shape; the child looked as though it had been bruised by a single Mr. Lindsey testified that the whipping was done with a shingle about an inch wide.

The jury, after remaining out about eight hours, brought in a verdict of manslaughter in the second degree only, and the Coroner's jury, after a through college and theological seminary acquiring a reputation as a brilliant scholar. He afterwards preached for three years in the West, and last at St. Louis, Mo., where he died of apoplexy, at the age of 31. The attempt to prove that Lindsey was subject to mental disorders was not successful. His wife testified that he was a man of unamiable disposition, and treated his wife harshly.

When the enormity of the offense is considered, the indictment and conviction, for manslaughter in the second degree only, seems light enough. But we don't see that the secular press lay any stress upon the fact that this brutal father was a Methodist, a Baptist, or a Presbyterian clergyman. What would they say if he were a Spiritualist? The fact would have been paraded as an evidence of the evil effects of a belief in Spiritualism, and all sorts of abuse of Spiritualists would follow in regular sequence. Those who doubt this may consult the files of the Sacramento Union and the Daily Times of this city, within the past two weeks. Do we live in the much vaunted nineteenth century, when a man's religious belief is considered of more importance than his mental and moral disposition toward his fellow-mortals? The truth is, the best men in this age of the world are those who profess no religious views whatever, but live out the natural goodness of their hearts in works of love and mercy. Such men as Theodore Parker, John Pierpont, Starr King, Humboldt, and an almost innumerable host of like character and disposition, had no religion to speak of; but each has left an imperishable record of good deeds and noble sentiments, which will live long in the memory of man. Only bigots ask now to what denomination of believers they belonged, or even whether they belonged to any; but only the fact that they were philanthropists is remembered.

We do not say that the religious views of this clerical murderer were the cause of his crime; but the facts are patent, from the evidence, that those views had not made him a good man, and that in attempting to enforce them in practice upon a mere infant, his own child, the bigoted father committed murder. We leave the case to the consciences of our readers.

## Healing in San Jose.

We copy the following from the San Jose Mercury, as evidence of the powers exercised by Dr. Bryant, and that his success in other quarters is quite as great as it has been here:

Dr. Bryant found several invalids awaiting his arrival at the Auzeiras House last Sunday. His rooms were thronged throughout the day, and the two days following, when the Doctor returned to San Francisco as per previous arrangement. He operated on a large number of patients, and upon several with remarkable success. We were present on Monday when a Mr. James Smith, of this city, applied for relief. This man was suffering from great nervous prostration, in fact was very nearly paralyzed. He was so deaf that he could hear only when addressed in a loud tone of voice, was unable to move his head in consequence of the rigid condition of the cartilages of the neck, and was suffering severe pain in the back of the neck. In less than five minutes' time, under the Doctor's manipulation, the patient could hear distinctly even when addressed in a whisper, experienced a perfectly natural motion of the joints of the neck and back, was free from pain, and expressed himself delighted with the result. He virtually went away a new man. Dr. E. A. Clark of San Jose was with us, and witnessed the above operation, and his will corroborate the facts as stated. Dr. Bryant may be seen at his rooms in the Auzeiras House on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday of each week until further notice.

NEW STYLE OF PHOTOGRAPHS.—CABINET PICTURES.—We have been shown, by Mr. Jacob Shew, of 612 Clay street, a beautiful specimen of this new "development" in the fine art of Photography, mounted as a frontispiece in the Philadelphia Photographer. It is the most artistic photograph we have seen in a long time; and if our artists can produce pictures of so beautiful a tone and finish as characterize the one before us, good-bye to card pictures, "sun pearls," ambrotypes, and all other small counterfeit presentments of the "human form divine." This picture is of more than double the usual card size, and a full-length miniature likeness can be taken in this style, at a slightly advanced cost, considering its greater intrinsic value. Mr. Shew has every facility for producing these pictures in the highest style of the art, and is polite and attentive to all visitors.

MRS. ADA HOYT FOYE will be at Sacramento on Monday and Tuesday evenings next, and return to this city in time for her regular public seance at Fraternity Hall on Thursday evening.

SEVERAL valued communications from regular and occasional contributors are crowded out of this number. They will appear, if possible, in our issue of next week.

## Theodore Parker's Views.

This party [Friends of Progress] has an idea wider and deeper than that of the Catholic or Protestant, namely: that God still inspires men as much as ever; that He is immanent in spirit as in space. For the present purpose, and to avoid circumlocution, this doctrine may be called Spiritualism. This relies on no church tradition, or scripture, as the last ground and infallible rule. It counts these things teachers, if they teach—not masters; helps if they help us—not authorities. It relies on the Divine presence in the soul of man—the eternal word of God, which is Truth, as it speaks through the faculties He has given. It believes God is near the soul as matter to the sense; thinks the canon of revelation not yet closed nor God exhausted. It sees Him in Nature's perfect work; hears Him in all true Scriptures, Jewish or Pagan; feels Him in the inspiration of the heart; stoops at the same fountain with Moses and Jesus, and is filled with living water. It calls God Father, not King; Christ Redeemer, not Healer; Heaven home, not Religion. It lives and trusts, but does not fear. It sees in Jesus a MAN, living man-like; highly gifted, and living in blameless and beautiful fidelity to God's law, not in a mystic or a saint. It believes that men, stepping in the footsteps of Jesus, have the same power; whose words and works help us to form and develop the native idea of a complete religious man. But he lived for himself, and for himself alone, out his own salvation, and we must do the same; for one man cannot live for another, more than he can eat and sleep for him. It is no personal Christ, but the Spirit of Wisdom, Love, and Power, which creates the well-being of men, a life at one with God. The divine incarnation is in all mankind. The aim it proposes is a complete union of man with God, all every action, thought, wish, feeling, is in harmony with the divine will. It makes Christianity not the point man goes through in his progress as the Rationalist, not the point of Christ as the Theist, but the development of the spiritualist. But Absolute Religion the point where man's and God's will are one and the same. Its source is absolute, its aims absolute, its method absolute. It lays down no creed, asks no symbol, reverences exclusively no time or place, and therefore can use all time and every place. It reckons forms useful to such as they help man come nearer to God, but through the bread and the wine, emblems of the body that was broken and the blood that was shed in the cause of truth. Another man holds communion through the moss and the violet, the misty ocean, or the scripture of suns which God has written in the sky. It does not make the means the end; it prizes the significance of the good heart; it knows nothing of that puerile distinction between reason and revelation; never finds the alleged contradiction between good sense and religion. Its temple is all space, its altar the good heart; it knows nothing of the distinction between the sacred and the secular; its works of love all truth, its profession of faith a divine life; works without, faith within, love of God and man. It bids man do his duty and take what comes of it, and be satisfied. In every desert it opens fountains of living water, gives balm for every wound, a pillow in all tempests, tranquility in each distress. It does good for goodness sake; asks no pardon for sins, but gladly serves out the time. It is meek and reverent of truth, but scorns all falsehood, though upheld by the ancient and honorable of earth. It bows to no idols of wood or of flesh or of gold, or parchment, or spoken word; neither Mammon; neither the Church, nor the Bible, nor yet Jesus; but God only. It takes all the helps it can get; counts no good word profane, though a heathen spoke it. It is sacred, though the greatest prophet had said the word. Its redeemer is within, its salvation within, its heaven and its oracle of God. It falls back on perfect love, the striving and the sleep of life, equal to duty, not above it; fearing not whether the ephemeral wind blows east or west. It has the strength of the here, the tranquil sweetness of the saint. It makes each man his own priest, but accepts of no clergyman that speaks a holy word. Its prayer in words, and works, in feelings, in thought, is this: "They will be done!" It seeks that of all holy souls, the church of the first-born, called by whatever name.

## An Exhibition of Christian Grace.

An occasion for "dispensing with the gospel" transpired at Newport, Vt., lately, the particulars of which are copied from the Newport Express:

Rev. M. Ballard was, on Wednesday last, brought before Justice Robinson of this village, charged with assaulting and severely beating and bruising one S. S. Call. The affray took place on the 8th instant, in the blacksmith shop, at Newport Centre, where Call was at work at his trade. In religious views this Call is an Adventist. He believes there is no resurrection for the wicked. It appears that he and Mr. Ballard have had frequent and heated discussions upon this subject, which seem to have culminated in a fight with "carnal" weapons. On the afternoon of the 8th instant, Ballard stepped into the shop, where, as usual, a controversy ensued in relation to time, place and manner of discussion, which had been partly agreed upon by the parties, Call having, as he said, found no time to do so. The question with Mr. Ballard. Both, no doubt, became greatly excited, and Call used very harsh and abusive language.

Of the encounter, Call says he was about taking an iron from the fire, when Ballard, coming up behind, seized him and threw him down, striking his head upon a sled standing in the shop; that Ballard then asked him if he would stop preaching his doctrine; that, answering in the negative, Ballard again commenced jamming his head upon the floor, and striking him with his fist about the head and face; he in the mean time crying out "help," and calling for help. Ballard testified in the same manner substantially, only that Call struck at him with the red-hot iron, aiming the blow at his head; that he warned off the blood with each hand, which was considerably burned; that then he (Ballard) clinched him. He thought that, as they fell, Call's head no doubt struck the sled; that he was left on the sled; he admitted that he struck Call several times, and might perhaps have jammed his head upon the floor a few times.

## Fell from Grace.

The Rev. George T. Williams, charged with having picked the pocket of a lady while riding on Broadway in the Fifth Avenue stage, New York, on the 2d of November last, was committed for trial by Justice Dodge on the 26th of January. He was bailed in the sum of \$1,000. The following is the conclusion of the Justice's decision:

"It appears that the prisoner has been for a number of years a reputable member of the sacred profession, the teachings of which are diametrically opposed to the commission of the crime here committed against him. The prisoner has borne, outwardly at least, a high character, and those who knew him well state that they are unable to believe that he could have thought of committing such a crime. He has been introduced, who consider that the cut in complaint and dress-pocket was made by no green hand at the business. I have carefully weighed all these facts, and consider that, taken in connection with the law applicable thereto, I would not be justified in discharging the prisoner. The law marks out certain facts which, when established, are considered as proving crime; such as denial of property afterwards found in the possession of the prisoner in explanation of suspicious circumstances. The case seems to be marked by a number of such proofs of guilt. High character is entitled to and has received in this case great consideration; but it cannot stand against a fully proven fact. It is therefore decided that there is probable cause for supposing the crime charged has been committed by the prisoner, and that the papers must be sent to the Grand Jury, to take such action as they may deem advisable in the premises."

## PHENOMENAL FACTS.

## Physical Manifestations.

We continue the account of occurrences at the residence of Col. Manrow, on Russian Hill; the manifestations which took place during the remainder of the evening being introduced by a conversation between Col. Manrow and a spirit, who replied by means of raps and the alphabet as follows:

Col. M.—Whose spirit is this communicating?  
Answer.—James King of Wm's.  
Col. M.—Have you any message for us?  
Ans.—None.  
Col. M.—Did you not appear to my family several evenings since, in a material form?  
Ans.—I did.  
Col. M.—Can you not appear to-night?  
Ans.—Yes.  
Col. M.—Will you do so?  
Ans.—I will.  
Col. M.—How long before you appear?  
Ans.—Fifteen minutes.  
Col. M.—What signal will you give when about to appear?  
Ans.—I will ring the door-bell.

After waiting patiently several minutes, not exceeding five or six, the bell rang very violently, and an attempt was made to enter the front door. It being of glass, and entering into a piazza enclosed with glass frames, the shaking and noise produced by the effort, startled the house-dog, asleep at the top of the gallery, and he commenced baying deeply, and growling most ferociously. Col. M. then opened the door and walked entirely around the house, and examined the grounds thoroughly, to render "assurance doubly sure" that no mortal visitant had pulled the bell-rope, and aroused his blood-hound.

On his return the bell again rang, and they expected to see the apparition of Mr. King enter the room. This, however, did not occur, and the Col. became satisfied that some inferior spirit had attempted to pass himself off for that martyred patriot. In order to test this, several questions were asked, and two or three correctly answered; but on demanding "How long have you been in the spirit-world?" a false answer was returned, and thus the cheat exposed.

Anxious to ascertain the true name of the spirit present, we asked the question, and the name given through the alphabet was "Capitana." This was the name of an old Kanaka woman, who died several years ago in the Islands, and was known to one of the ladies present in life. Having ascertained her name, Col. M. demanded if she would not appear to the circle. An affirmative reply was immediately given, and she promised to give the signal by ringing the bell. This occurred almost contemporaneously with the promise. At the same moment, a large bush, growing near the east window, was most turbulently shaken, and on casting their eyes out of the window, they beheld a human figure gliding noiselessly by toward the kitchen. But they had no sooner fixed their wondrous gaze upon it, than it as suddenly disappeared. The moon was shining very brightly at the time, and the figure was within two feet of the window, and within ten feet of the circle.

One of the party rose from the table and stepped toward the window, but it was gone. Almost simultaneously with its disappearance, another form rose up from the ground, and sat upon the bench in front of the kitchen door. This terrible apparition was the most frightful figure that ever the human eye beheld. Language is utterly inadequate to describe it. There it reclined in the clear moonlight, silent still, and sublime in its horrible deformity. If all the fiends in hell had combined their features into one master-piece of ugliness and revolting hideousness of countenance, they could not have produced a face so full of horrors. It was blacker than the blackest midnight that ever frowned in starless gloom over the storm-swept ocean. Over its head and body it had spread a mantle of the most stainless white,

"Purer than the snow of Zembla,  
Or the foam that on the mid-sea tosses."

It looked like a robe of new-fallen snow covering the blackened remains of a conflagration. It seemed as though personified Sin had snatched the garment of a seraph as he floated by, and spread it over its own thunder-scarred and hell-scorched form. Its face was turned toward the spectators in profile, and they saw upon its features an expression of cruelty and revenge, darkened by the frown of everlasting despair. Hope never sat there. Sorrow never made that bosom its home. Pity never moistened its eye. Heaven never reigned in its heart.

All sprang toward the window, and gazed in petrified astonishment and horror at the loathsome goblin—for surely there was but little of human in it, except the form. The first impulse was to get out of the house into the open air. One rushed through the door, followed by the rest of the company except Mr. B., who still maintained his position at the window, and scanned the phantom with close and critical scrutiny. As they left the room a new manifestation occurred. Chairs, tables, rugs, pokers, and cushions seemed to be imbued with vitality, and danced in the most admired disorder. A cushion was thrown from the parlor, in which a light was burning, and struck one on the head. At the same moment one of the ladies was struck with a chair-covering, and almost blinded with the dust. On stepping into the parlor, it was found utterly vacant. One of the circle then went to the front door and attempted to open it, but, much to the astonishment of all, the front gate had been torn loose, and brought some ten or twelve steps, and placed so as to barricade the door and prevent it from swinging open. Unable to get out in this direction, all rushed through the back entry, and attempted to intercept the apparition at the kitchen door. But when they reached the door and opened it, the goblin was invisible. Mr. B. during this time maintained his position at the window, and within eight feet of it, keeping his eye steadily fixed upon it. It stood in a listening attitude, apparently preparing to enter the kitchen door, or to fly, as the case might demand. Mr. B. beheld it lift its robe lightly from the ground, and start off toward the barn. When it had proceeded a few yards, it suddenly became invisible. Not the least wonderful part of this oc-



currence was the fact that the mother of Mrs. M., and one or two of Mrs. X's younger children, plainly saw the apparition from the second story window, and watched it until it was suddenly lost to view.

As soon as they could once more assemble in the library, the circle gazed in each other's faces in petrified astonishment. One was so horrified with the terrible apparition, that he refused for some time to take a seat again at the circle. But becoming more collected, he finally consented, on condition that there should be no further attempt to call up the dark goblin that a few moments before.

"Had harrowed up his soul, from the young blood, Made his two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres, And each particular hair to stand on end, Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

All agreed at once to dispense with the presence of that hideous phantom and to strive to call up the spirits of the beautiful and good, whose forms would dispel the remembrance of the vision just vanished. They had scarcely composed themselves at the table, and made known their wishes, when they received unequivocal promises that their desires should be gratified. All at once one of them felt a cool, delicate hand playing with his hair, and gently stroking his cheeks and forehead. At the same moment, a similar phenomenon was observed by all present at the circle. Each one felt the same soft hands pressing their brows, cheeks, and hair. What rendered this manifestation so surprising, was the fact that they held each other tightly by the hands, forming an unbroken circle, so as to prevent the possibility of fraud or deception. At this moment, Mr. B. announced that he could distinctly see the hands as they flitted about the table in every possible direction. Hardly had he spoken, before another beheld them; at first very indistinctly, but gradually more palpably, until, at the expiration of five or six minutes, the spirit hands were seen quite as plainly as though they had been of ordinary flesh and blood. It is impossible to say with any certainty, how many of these hands were floating in the atmosphere at the same moment: there were certainly as many as a dozen, and possibly many more. All were touched in different parts of the body, at one and the same time, and the expressions, "How gentle!" "How soft!" "How soothing!" escaped constantly from their lips.

Indeed, the influence of these caressing hands was as pleasant and loving, as the effect of the horrible appearance of the goblin had been revolting. The good spirits seemed to be striving to make amends for the pain and terror experienced, by soothing all fears and quieting all nervous excitement. Col. M., who had been suffering all the evening from severe toothache, brought on by severe cold, requested these gentle beings to cure his tooth and relieve him from pain. At once, several of them commenced manipulating the outer surface of the jaw, and continued to do so until the uneasiness was entirely removed, and a perfect cure effected.

Satisfied with the wonderful phenomena they had witnessed, and soothed and delighted almost beyond measure by the kind messages given by those who purported to be guardian spirits, the circle very reluctantly broke up and returned home at the early hour of one o'clock in the morning.

## PHILOSOPHICAL.

### A PHILOSOPHICAL REVIEW OF THE RELIGIONS OF MANKIND.

NUMBER SEVEN.

When the believers in the Divinity of the so-called revealed religions fail to establish their claims by either external or internal evidence, they invariably fall back into their last stronghold—the testimony of the Holy Spirit. It may be presumption in one who claims neither part nor lot in the matter, to even attempt an investigation of the meaning of this much controverted term, belonging, as it does, to the inscrutable mysteries of the incomprehensible Three-in-One—of the spiritual things only spiritually discerned; yet, nevertheless, I feel like obeying the sacred injunction: "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

Holy Writ is not very explicit in its definition of what the Holy Spirit is; and leaves us to divine what its nature is, almost entirely from the manifestations recorded of it. The first thing recorded of it, is that it "moved on the face of the waters;" some, taking their clue, probably, from Psalm 33: 6, 7, are impious enough to assert, that there, it only signifies the wind or breath of God, as in John 3: 8; and where he breathed into the nostrils of man the breath of life, and he became a living soul; but surely it must have been something else, when it hovered over Jesus, in the waters of baptism, like a dove; or something more, when, with the sound of a rushing mighty wind, it transformed itself into a cloven tongue of fire, on the day of Pentecost. Perhaps it is a power placed in opposition to the "power of the prince of the air," having a cloven tongue instead of a cloven foot; both having the power to assume any shape they please. The Trinity is confessed by all to be above the comprehension of reason; and it does seem strange, though, no doubt, it is perfectly clear to D. D.'s, who are undoubtedly endowed with spiritual discernment, that one should be three, and three one; and that the Holy Ghost, the third person, should assume the paternity of Jesus, the second person, when it obviously belonged to the first person in the "glorious Trinity;" and, stranger still, that Jesus never acknowledged the Spirit to be his Father, but says the Spirit proceeded from the Father. If paternity be the office of the Holy Ghost, it must be rather a dangerous element in camp-meetings, where it is so much in demand, and may account for peculiar events subsequent to most revival meetings. In ancient times, the Spirit of God was more utilitarian than it is now. For instead of setting its recipients agrounding, and turning their eyes heavenward, it made them good mechanics in gold, silver, brass, and wood—weavers, tailors, architects, and many other useful arts; for there were diversities of gifts and operations by the same Spirit.

When Samson was under its influence, he slew a thousand men with the jawbone of an ass; was very successful in his intrigues with the Philistine women; made excellent conundrums; slew thirty Philistines, and robbed their dead bodies of their clothes, in order to pay a debt of honor—for he was an honorable man. Saul, under its influence, was "turned into another man;" prophesied; fell into fits of anger; and, once, when Samuel was holding a kind of camp-meeting, he sent some messen-

gers to arrest David, who was at the meeting; but they, as soon as they were within the sphere of the operations of the Spirit, caught religion and prophesied; he sent one posse after another, who were exercised as were the first. At last, determined to arrest the man, he went himself, and caught religion worse than any of them, for "the Spirit of God was upon him also, and he went on and prophesied until he came to Natioth in Ramah. And he stripped off his clothes also, and prophesied in like manner, and lay down naked all that day, and all that night;" like David when he danced before the Lord with all his might; and the Adamites of more modern times, who, to show their acquired purity, wore in their meetings, processions, etc., the attire Adam wore in his state of innocence. These different manifestations are, no doubt, to the spiritually endowed, perfectly consistent, and in harmony with Paul's list in 1 Cor. 12, and the fruit of the Spirit, which is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; but, from a worldly point of view, they are inconsistent and contradictory.

This last stronghold of Christian defense is, as might be expected, fortified against the inroads of investigation by surroundings of terror far greater than the others: "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the sin against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." Mr. Todd has surely not read this passage, when he was proving, in the BANNER, that the Holy Ghost of revival meetings was only psychology. But he has spoken the dreadful word—his doom is fixed; and not even the intercession of holy men, like Mr. Earle, can save him.

I am not prepared to say that what is called "a change of heart, effected by the workings of the Holy Spirit," is only psychology—mind operating on mind. When it takes place in revival meetings, it is probably nothing else; but when the work goes on quietly and secretly, the mental condition produced is of a different and more lasting character; such as is faithfully portrayed in Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." When an individual, oppressed with the idea of the magnitude of his sins, and the dreadful consequence—eternal damnation to the greatest conceivable torture—begins to comprehend that Jesus "his own self bore our sins in his own body on the tree," believing which, feels "justified by faith," receives, in consequence, that "peace which passeth all understanding;" the reaction from almost despair to justification is attended with so great a sense of relief, that it is no wonder he sees in it the work of the Spirit. I have passed through the ordeal, and speak from experience.

Macaulay, in one of his essays, speaks of it thus: "It not infrequently happens that a tinker or coal-heaver hears a sermon, or falls in with a tract, which alarms him about the state of his soul. If he be a man of excitable nerves and strong imagination, he thinks himself given over to the evil power. He doubts whether he has not committed the unpardonable sin. He imputes every wild fancy that springs up in his mind to the whisper of a fiend. His sleep is broken by dreams of the judgment-seat, the open books, and the unquenchable fire. If, in order to escape from these vexing thoughts, he flies to amusements, or to licentious indulgence, the delusive relief only makes his misery darker and more hopeless. At length a turn takes place. He is reconciled to his offended Maker. To borrow the fine imagery of one who had himself been thus tried, he emerges from the Valley of the Shadow of Death, from the dark land of griefs and snares, of quagmires and precipices, of evil spirits and ravenous beasts. The sunshine is on his path. He ascends the Delectable Mountains, and catches from the summit a distant view of the shining city which is the end of his pilgrimage." I know it is said: "It is impossible for those who were once enlightened and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and tasted of the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again to repentance;" that "if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain looking for of judgment, and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries;" that "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." Seeing that it is so, perhaps we had better fall into the hands of his honorable rival, and join the company of Voltaire, Gibbon, Hume, Paine, good old Robert Owen, Frances Wright, the myriads of liberators of human reason, champions of human rights, benefactors of humanity, and the "cloud of witnesses" who have been martyred by a tyrannical religion, in preference to the saintly company of the cunning, swindling Jacob; the cruel, lecherous David; the cowardly, perjured Peter; and all the promoters of ignorance, superstition, and prejudice, who have followed in their train to the abodes of bliss.

I would rather be damned with Thomas Paine, than saved with Simon Peter, or with Saul of Tarsus. Paul.

"The poor man weeps—here, Gavin sleeps, Whom casting wretches blind," But with such as he, where'er he be, May I be saved or damned."

—Burns.

J. W. MACKIE.

### ARDDHA CHIDDI, OR THE HINDU CHRIST.

ARDDHA CHIDDI, or GOTAMA, so called (he who kills the senses), was the founder of the Buddhist religion in Hindia, and was born about the tenth century before the Christian era. After the system had spread widely in India, it was carried by missionaries into Ceylon, Tartary, China, Tibet, Japan, and Burmah, and is now professed by a greater proportion of the human race than any other religion. Born in affluence and of a royal family, in his twenty-ninth year he retired from the world, the pleasures of which he had tasted and become weary. Casting them all aside, he became a religious mendicant, and as such commenced his career to preach. In four months' time he had five disciples; at the close of the year they had increased to twelve hundred. In the twenty-nine centuries that have passed since that time, they have given rise to sects counting millions of souls—outnumbering the followers of all other religious teachers. Gotama died at the age of 80 years. Unlike Mohammed, he made his converts by preaching, and not by the sword. Shortly after his death, a council of 500 ecclesiastics assembled for the purpose of settling his religion; a century later, a second council convened to regulate the monastic institution; and in B. C. 241, a third council, for the expulsion of fire-worshippers.

The fundamental principle of Buddhism is, that there is a Supreme Power, but no Supreme Being. It asserts an impelling power in the universe—a self-existent and plastic principle—but not a self-existent personal God. It rejects inquiry into first causes, as being unphilosophical, and considers that phenomena can alone be dealt with by our finite minds. It believes in a trinity of the Past, Present and Future. For the sake of aiding their thoughts, they image the past with their hands folded, but the oth-

ers with their right hands extended in token of activity. They deny the immediate interposition of any such agency as Providence—maintaining that the system of Nature, once arising, must proceed irresistibly, according to the laws which brought it into being; and that, from this point of view, the universe was merely a gigantic engine. Equally does Gotama deny the existence of chance—saying that that which we call chance is nothing but the effect of an unknown, unavoidable cause. With consummate ability, Gotama deals with his inquiry into the nature of man; and with true Oriental imagery he bids us consider what becomes of a grain of salt thrown into the sea. But, lest we should be deceived herein, he tells us there is no such thing as individuality or personality; that the *Ego* is altogether a nonentity, and that all sentient beings are homogeneous. "What," he demands, "becomes of the flame of the lamp when it is blown out? or in what obscure condition was it before it was kindled? was it a nonentity? has it been annihilated?"

Gotama did not recognize any vicarious action. Each one must work out for himself his own salvation—remembering that death is not necessarily a deliverance from earthly ills; it might be only a passage to new miseries. But yet, as the light of the taper must come at last to an end, so there is at length an end of life, though it may be after many transmigrations. That end he calls *Nirvana*, which would be the end of successive existences—that state which has no relation to matter, space, or time, to which the departing flame of the extinguished taper has gone—the supreme end, Nonentity.

And here we are led to think, how Gotama, with all (for his times) his almost superhuman knowledge, fell far short of what Spiritualism has since unveiled to countless thousands, namely, *Progression*—that magic thought which includes within its grasp all religions, all sects, all creeds; which breaks down and scatters to the winds all such selfish teachings as "I am better than thou"—"Within the walls of my sanctuary, and the folds of my teachings, find eternal peace"—"Believe ye not, and ye shall be damned, and your part will be with those who with terrible anguish gnash their teeth, and cry aloud in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone for a cup of cold water to quench their never ending thirst."

The true Buddhist expects absolute extinction, and for that reason teaches to do penance, practice self-denial, self-mortification, and so gradually sink into perfect quietude or apathy, in imitation of that state to which we must come at last, and to which, by such a preparation, we may all the more rapidly approach. Soon after Gotama's death, it came to be believed that Mahamaia, his mother, being an immaculate virgin, conceived him through a Divine influence, and that thus he was of the nature of God and man conjoined; and that, upon his ascension many times before; and that, upon his ascension through the air to heaven, he left his foot-print on a mountain in Ceylon; that there is a paradise of gems, flowers and feasts, and music for the good, and a hell of sulphur and flames and torment for the wicked. And in this do we not see a perfect similitude to the religion and doctrines inculcated by the disciples of the Jewish Christ—borrowed, ay, absolutely stolen from the teachings of Gotama and his followers, who lived and flourished nearly three thousand years ago? w.

## Special Notices.

Advertisements in this column, twenty cents per line for first insertion, and fifteen cents per line for each subsequent insertion. No abatement from these rates.

### DR. J. P. BRYANT, THE HEALER.

DR. J. P. BRYANT will continue to HEAL THE SICK by the

Laying on of Hands,

at his Rooms, on BUSH STREET, (between Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels), San Francisco.

NO MEDICINES GIVEN!

No Surgical Operations performed!

### THE BANNER OF PROGRESS

IS DESIGNED TO BE A LIBERAL PAPER,

DEVOTED TO THE

Investigation and Discussion of all Subjects, Philosophical, Scientific, Literary, Social, Political, and Religious.

And to advocate the Principles of Universal Liberty.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT 532 CLAY STREET,

(Up stairs,) San Francisco,

BY BENJAMIN TODD & CO.

## TERMS.

One Year.....\$3 00  
Six Months.....2 00  
Single Copies.....10 cents

No subscription received unless accompanied with the amount required by the above terms.

Subscribers in San Francisco who choose to pay monthly to the Carriers, will be charged forty cents per month.

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For One Insertion, per Square.....\$ 1 50  
For One Month, do.....3 00  
For Three Months, do.....8 00  
For One Column, 3 Months, do.....50 00  
For Half a Column, do.....30 00  
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One Square will consist of from ten to fifteen lines; over twenty lines will be charged as two squares, and each additional Square will consist of ten lines.

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AT THE OFFICE OF THE

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CARDS, CIRCULARS, BILLHEADS, PAMPHLETS, and every description of Plain and Ornamental PRINTING, executed neatly and expeditiously, at the lowest market rates.

OFFICE, 532 CLAY STREET.

HEAVY DAMAGES CLAIMED.—John W. Farmer, formerly of this township, has brought suit against Dr. J. P. Bryant for mal-practice, laying his damages at \$30,000. The complaint alleges that plaintiff had been suffering with diseased eyes for about two months, during which time he had been under the care and treatment of a physician, and was becoming, as he alleges, convalescent, when he was "induced by public report of the great skill of the defendant as a physician, and by anxiety to escape blindness," (rather an inconsistent anxiety, under the circumstances), to call on Dr. Bryant for relief. After making several allegations which are denied in toto by defendant, plaintiff states that his eyesight was wholly destroyed in consequence of defendant's treatment. The answer of defendant is that no cure was guaranteed; that he operated on plaintiff's eyes by the application of the hand, simply,—the plaintiff expressing himself as experiencing great relief; that he charged nothing for his services, but on the other hand gave plaintiff money at different times to the amount of thirty dollars to defray his expenses while in the city; that plaintiff disobeyed his instructions, exposed his eyes to the dust and wind, and took a severe cold, which was the true cause of his blindness. The case is likely to be very interesting. Defendant has retained Judge Townsend and Mr. Wheeler as his counsel. It was the latter gentleman's wife who was almost instantly healed, under the treatment of Dr. Bryant, after having been bed-ridden for several years, an account of which case has been heretofore published.—*San Jose Mercury*.

NEW THEOLOGICAL ORGAN.—The *Times*, having made conspicuous failure as a political journal, has sprung round into a theological atmosphere. We are informed that the editorial talent is supplied by a couple of Methodist clergymen—the Rev. S. D. Simonds, assisted occasionally by the Rev. M. C. Briggs. This accounts for the "elevated moral tone" of the *Times* of late, and also explains a recent attack on the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in Mexico, and a very uncharitable article relating to the Metropolitan Theater. Both these gentlemen are of good intelligence and decided opinions; but a journal aiming at general circulation should select its editors from the Church at large, and not from one denomination exclusively. The new management leaves our friend Bausman in the situation of the stout drummer on a Dutch clock, whose duty it is to step out at intervals, and go through a course of the pantomime, while the reverend gentlemen work the sheet-iron behind the scenes.—*Dramatic Chronicle*.

ROMANISM.—A beautiful and accomplished young lady of one of the wealthiest families of Louisville has recently pined away to a mere shadow, without any perceptible cause. Her friends were sorely perplexed to learn the cause, but all to no avail. Last week she was discovered, getting up in her night-clothes every night and visiting an arbor attached to her residence, where she spent, in dreamy silence, several hours, and would then return to the parlor roof. Of course she would not use the arbor next day of her walk and frigid airing of the night previous.

THE REV. MR. FINNEY, of Oberlin, in a recent prayer, made a special invocation in behalf of Congress, extolling their virtue to the skies, and then called attention of the Lord to the President. "But how," said he, "shall I pray for the President? O Lord! if thou canst manage him, without crushing him, spare him. Otherwise, crush him!" This reminds me of the Rochester Union of the preacher who, having a grudge against an unjust neighbor, prayed: "O Lord! take John Smith by the slack of his breeches and shake him over hell, but don't drop him!"

SPIRITUALISM IN MEXICO.—When the Mexicans bury a child, they have no mourning, gloomy procession to accompany the little sleeper to its rest, in the grave, but are all dressed in a holiday attire, garlanded with bright fresh flowers; they sing songs and ring bells in joyous way, "The child is not dead, but is going home." When a Mexican mother has lost a child by death, she still numbers the absent one the same as she does those who are still with her in the flesh. "Death," she says, "cannot break my household."

WILL some theologian tell us which is the best for the soul, to be constantly under the chastening fear of Divine wrath, or in the encouraging energies of Divine justice and Divine love.—*Washington Republican*.

### AN EXPOSITION OF THREE POINTS OF POPULAR THEOLOGY.

A LECTURE, Delivered at Ebbitt Hall, New York, September 10, 1865,

BY BENJAMIN TODD.

1. Origin and Character of the Orthodox Devil.

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PRICE 25 CENTS.

We will send the above, postage free, on receipt of the price in currency or postage stamps; or copies may be had on personal application at this office.

### BOUQUET NO. 1. FLOWERS,

GULLED FROM THE GARDEN OF HUMANITY.

A COMPILATION OF ORIGINAL AND SELECTED POEMS.

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### MR. & MRS. F. GOULD, SPIRITUAL HEALING PHYSICIANS,

TREATS BY Magnetism, Electricity and Medicated Baths.

Patients accommodated with Rooms.

RESIDENCE, No. 30 SILVER STREET.

### NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY.

EXCELSIOR ART GALLERY, CRIM HOUSE,

No. 523 KEARNY STREET, (Near Sacramento,) San Francisco.

The above new Gallery having been supplied with the latest and most approved apparatus, and being under the management of experienced and artistic operators, it has an advantage over any other photographic establishment here, and the proprietors cordially recommend it to their friends, and the public, that the work executed at this establishment will be unsurpassed by any other gallery in San Francisco.

### CARD PICTURES,

Of every style, taken at the very lowest rates.

Photographs, Ambrotypes, Melanotypes, Ivorytypes, Sun Pearls, etc., Taken in the highest perfection of the Art.

Particular attention given to COPYING AND RESTORING OLD PICTURES.

Pictures taken equally as well in cloudy or rainy weather. All work done at the lowest prices, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed in all cases, or no charge made.

N. B.—Gallery open one light of stairs.

C. A. MARSTON, J. RILEY MAINS, Proprietors.

MRS. ADA HOYT FOYE, Rapping, Writing, Test & Business Medium, GIVES PRIVATE SITTINGS DAILY, AT 124 SUTTER STREET, (Opposite Lick House,) From 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

PUBLIC SEANCES AT FRATERNITY HALL, No. 638 Market street, between Montgomery and Kearny EVERY THURSDAY EVENING.

Each Seance will be preceded by a brief LECTURE

on the Laws and Conditions governing Manifestations.

Doors opened at 7 o'clock, and closed at 7 1/2, after which time no one will be admitted.

Evening PRIVATE Seances for small parties given by special arrangement.

MRS. FOYE respectfully challenges honest investigation.

### CLAIRVOYANT. MME. CLARA ANTONIA, M. D., BUSINESS AND MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT,

Physician, and Independent Medium, 108 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Between Bush and Sutter Sts., adjoining the Occidental Hotel.

Successful treatment of all curable Diseases; also, a correct Diagnostic Description given thereof if desired.

Phrenological Examinations made.

Consultations in English, French, and German, and by correspondence.

Office Hours from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Dr. A. N. Clarke, DENTIST, 410 Kearny street

DENTISTRY. DR. H. J. PAINE, No. 523 California Street,

Between Montgomery and Kearny, four doors west of Wells, Fargo & Co.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Dr. PAINE received the First Premium at the Mechanics' Fair, 1864.

### MRS. M. M. GRAHAM, Medical Clairvoyant and Test Medium, MAKES EXAMINATIONS

AND Prescribes for All Kinds of Diseases.

Can give examinations of absent friends, and correctly describe their Conditions.

MRS. GRAHAM never fails to give some good test to all those who call on her. Charges moderate in all cases.

Office hours, from 9 P. M. to 10 P. M. Residence, 1042 Folsom street, between Sixth and Seventh, San Francisco.

### DR. H. A. BENTON SAYS: RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LIVER AND SPLEEN DIFFICULTIES,

and other derangements of the system, must yield to the life-giving energetic effects of Electro-Magnetic applications, when properly administered; and, in some cases, facilitated very much by the Hot Air and Electro-Medicated Vapor Baths—all of which are now ready at his new rooms, over Congress Hall, Bush street, adjoining the Russ House.

N. B.—Terms reasonable, but "COIN" is expected at each treatment, in advance, unless the treatment is gratuitous, to those who are unable to pay. All such, who are deserving, will be attended, agreeable to appointment.

2

### DR. B. STURMAN, Office 128 Kearny Street, near Sutter,

Is prepared to treat all kinds of Diseases, to which humanity is subject. Female Complaints and the Diseases of Children will be promptly attended to.

N. B.—FANCY and Scirrhous Affections, Diseases of the Eye, and those of a private nature, treated, and a permanent cure insured. And, for the benefit of those who may wish it, a private examination, by one of the most reliable CLAIRVOYANT in the State for detecting Diseases in the system, and prescribing for the same, under the supervision of medical science and experience combined, can be had at the Doctor's office at any time during office hours, from 8 to 10 A. M., and 3 to 7 P. M.

1

### SAMUEL H. HENRY, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

No. 614 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

### REMOVAL. JACOB SHEW'S PIONEER PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,

Late 315 Montgomery Street,

IS REMOVED TO No. 612 CLAY ST.

North side, four doors above Montgomery, SAN FRANCISCO.

Having superior accommodations, and every facility for all branches of the Art, at greatly reduced rent, I am enabled to produce the very best quality of work, of all kinds, at prices about

Twenty-five per cent. below the Montgomery Street Galleries,

and equally as low as the most inferior galleries in other parts of the city, at the same time taking the greatest pains to give entire satisfaction.

JACOB SHEW, Pioneer Photographer, 612 Clay street, above Montgomery.

8

### P. Wm. POULSON, M. D., HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

Surgeon and Accoucheur,

Graduate of the Homeopathic Medical College of New York City, and of the Homeopathic Medical Society of the County of New York, Danish Physician, and Member of the Homeopathic Medical Society of Copenhagen.

Office and Residence, 828 Washington St. Between Dupont and Stockton Streets, SAN FRANCISCO.

Office Hours, from 12 to 3 and from 6 to 8 P. M.

In accordance with the fundamental law of Homeopathy—"Similia similibus curantur"—Hydrophy and Electro-Magnetism, etc., are used when needed, on true scientific principles.

2



## The Banner of Progress.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1867.

## LYCEUM DEPARTMENT.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet in Congress Hall next Sunday, at their usual hour—1 o'clock, p. m. All are invited to attend and witness the exercises.

From the Children's Voice.

## IN MEMORIAM.

A popular writer has said, that, with increasing years, he had an increasing respect for unsuccessful men. Their lack of success was often the result of qualities in themselves amiable and lovely—a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a conscience too sensitive and delicate for the rough world, a generosity too unguarded, a benevolence too uncalculating, a confidence too unsuspecting.

There are two kinds of success. By success is generally meant the achievement of wealth, houses, lands, bank stock, and an honorable position in society. This is success in the externals of life, such as would gratify the expectant pride of friends and relatives who are also on the external plane.

ROBERT MOORE did not achieve this kind of success; others greater than he have failed to do it. But there is another kind of success more praiseworthy. It is in living true to one's highest convictions; in having a lofty ideal; in unselfishly laboring that others may be benefited. This latter success he achieved. He initiated this and the Sacramento Lyceums, whose end and object is to assist in the harmonious unfolding of the immortal minds committed to them. We trust this object has been, and will be so far attained, as to be a source of ever-fresh satisfaction to his exalted spirit, as he looks out from the glories of the summer land; that appreciative gratitude will not permit his memory to fade, though it be not preserved by "storied urn or animated bust."

During the past year, ANNA CARPENTER left our Lyceum to join her appropriate group in the spirit land. It is a wise provision of our universal Father, that when the body becomes inadequate to the needs of the spirit—when through disease it obstructs the enjoyment or unfolding of the spirit—death quietly lays aside the body, and allows the released spirit to join the throng of loved ones who have gone before. In that beautiful land, as she engages in their girlish sports, she will not be compelled to lag behind her companions for lack of breath. In that world, the organs of the spirit are adequate to its needs.

This Lyceum has been a living institution one year and eight months; ROBERT MOORE and ANNA are the only persons who have been connected with it, who have passed to a higher life. If earth-life be a blessing, have we not been blessed?

From the Children's Voice.

## A Boy's Resolve.

I don't mean to ever smoke a cigar as long as I live; and I will tell you why. A cigar costs ten cents; and if I smoked two a day, it would be twenty cents, and in one week one dollar and forty cents. In one year it would be almost seventy-three dollars; and in ten years seven hundred and thirty dollars. Now, if I keep that at interest until I am twenty-one, it will be more than a thousand dollars; and with that I can buy a good farm in Napa Valley, or a nice house lot in San Francisco. Then, in ten years more, I could save enough to build a house and have a nice place, which in twenty years might have passed off in smoke, and, without doing the least good, might have done great harm.

"MARY" sends us her answer to the word-puzzle of last week; it is correct—"The Children's Voice."

## Catalogue of Liberal and Spiritual Books.

FOR SALE AT THE Office of the Banner of Progress.	
Britton's Man and His Relations. 8vo.....	\$3.50.. 40
Davis' Pentateuch; being the Pentateuch in English, with the original Hebrew text, and a full and complete translation of the same. 8vo.....	\$7.50.. 20
Principles of Nature; Her Divine Revelations. 8vo.....	\$3.50.. 40
The Great Harmony; being a Philosophical Revelation of the Natural, Spiritual and Celestial Universe. 8vo.....	\$7.50.. 20
The Magic Staff. An Autobiography. 12mo.....	\$1.50.. 20
The Harbinger of Health, containing Medical Descriptions for the Human Body and Mind. 12mo.....	\$1.50.. 20
Answers to Questions Practical and Spiritual. 12mo.....	\$1.50.. 20
A Sequel to the Penitential. 12mo.....	\$1.50.. 20
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Farahnam's Woman and Her Era. 2 vols. 12mo.....	\$3.00.. 40
Ideal Attained. 12mo.....	\$1.50.. 20
Gordon's Three-fold Test of Modern Spiritualism. 12mo.....	\$1.50.. 20
12mo.....	\$1.50.. 20
Horne's Incidents in My Life. 12mo.....	\$1.50.. 20
Bowie's History of the Supernatural. 2 vols. 12mo.....	\$3.00.. 40
Owen's Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World, with Narrative Illustrations. 12mo.....	\$1.50.. 20
Tuttle's Arcana of Nature, or the History and Laws of Creation. 2 vols. 12mo.....	\$2.50.. 40
The Origin and Antiquity of Physical Man, Scientifically Considered. 12mo.....	\$1.50.. 20
Welby's Mysteries of Life, Death, and Futurity. 12mo.....	\$1.50.. 20

Any of the above list of books will be furnished to those in the country who desire, on application at this office. The money for the books, and postage, must invariably accompany the order.

## SAN PABLO AND SAN QUENTIN FERRY.

Through to San Rafael and Point Isabel.

FROM VALLEJO AND DAVIS STREETS.

## THE FAVORITE STEAMER

CONTRA COSTA.

CAPTAIN—JOHN T. MCKENZIE.

Will leave as follows:

SAN QUENTIN. 8 A. M. SAN FRANCISCO. 2 1/2 P. M.

Connecting with Stages for San Rafael, Olinda, Tomales, and Bolinas, in Marin county; also with San Pablo. For further particulars, apply to the Captain on board, or to CHARLES MINTURN, Agent.

## PACIFIC PATENT AGENCY.

JOSEPH H. ATKINSON

PROCURES AND DISPOSES OF PATENTS AND PATENTED ARTICLES.

Agencies solicited.

**BORN.**  
In this city, to the wife of R. D. Parker, a daughter.  
In Sacramento, Feb. 28, to the wife of P. J. Juggens, a daughter.  
At Milver's Ravine, to the wife of J. Stanley, a son.  
In Sacramento, March 21, to the wife of W. N. Hoppe, a daughter.

**MARRIED.**  
"O married love!—each heart shall own,  
When two congenial souls unite,  
Thy golden chains inlaid with down,  
Thy lamp with heaven's own splendor bright."

In this city, March 4th, Julius H. Smith to Miss Sarah M. Hopkins.

In this city, March 4th, Allen E. Smith to Catharine Cayley.

In this city, March 3d, P. Steier to Fath Levy.

In this city, March 3d, Peter Becker to Elizabeth Eckhart.

In this city, March 5th, Isaac J. Dowden to Caroline St. Louis.

In this city, March 6th, S. Minor to Elizabeth Heffernan.

In El Dorado county, Feb. 4th, E. Donn to Emma R. Barney.

In Nevada, Feb. 27th, R. C. Howe to Maria Carib.

At Gold Flat, Feb. 28th, Eugene Harvey to Charlotte Whitlen.

At Little River, Feb. 11th, Jas. Pinkerton to Malinda Green.

**DEPARTED.**

"Death is not dreadful; to a mind resolved,  
It seems as natural as to be born."  
"Man makes a death, which Nature never made."

In this city, March 3d, Charlotte Freund, a native of Lohveler, Kaiserlauter Rhein Baden, aged 50 years.

At Mendocino, Feb. 22d, Mrs. Mary Wood, youngest son of Robert B. and Mary Butler, aged 1 year, 1 month and 4 days.

In this city, March 3d, Frank McCubbern, aged 29 years.

In Grassy Valley, Feb. 27th, William Adams, aged 88 years.

At Brookline, March 4th, M. Gustave Hanna, aged 30 years and 3 months.

## CIRCULAR

OF THE  
State Central Committee,

Advised by the  
California State Convention of Spiritualists,

HELD AT SAN JOSE, MAY 25, 26, & 27, 1866.

Sir—Your name is presented to us as one interested in the movement of Humanity.

As such, you are addressed by the State Central Committee, appointed by the late Convention of San Jose, soliciting your active co-operation.

We, as Rational Spiritualists, interpret the writing upon the wall as significant of the transition period through which we are passing, and that the hour has come for a clear expression of our honest and truthful convictions before the world, and wish to make ourselves more efficient in the great work before us of building up the Kingdom of Righteousness in the human heart.

The evidences are incontrovertible that old religious opinions and ideas are passing away, and that new and higher revelations speak to us in language more potent, more significant, than the world has before heard, by reason of its coming from realms where clearer views and holier truths are attainable. Therefore we should not forget the great facts already developed in the brief history of our beautiful faith, that upon us, as Spiritualists, devolves the labor of shaping the future sentiment of the body politic, and will rest the glory or the shame of the near future of the race.

To us is presented the golden opportunity of supplanting error with truth, darkness with light, and superstition with reason and natural law. For this purpose, some systematic effort and concert of action are necessary.

In our present isolation from each other, we are but marks at which theological fire is directed with impunity, and even malignity. We would therefore invite to our ranks all who have true respect for the freedom of the human race, all who can yield obedience to Reason, and are devoted to Truth for its own sake, and believe in Universal Progress.

Within a year, another Convention will be held. It is desirable that you should participate in it. Open a correspondence with the Secretary, and suggest time and place.

Give the names of prominent Spiritualists and liberal persons in your vicinity, and state what are the opportunities and encouragements for meetings, if good speakers are desired, and what remuneration will be given them; also, how many copies of the BANNER OF PROGRESS will be subscribed for, and what spiritual or liberal books are called for and can be sold in your neighborhood; and, further, whether a Children's Progressive Lyceum can be organized in your town, and how many children can be induced to join the same.

P. W. RANDOLPH, M. D., President.

J. H. ATKINSON, Sec. Secretary.

J. D. PIERSO, Treasurer.

J. H. ATKINSON, J. D. PIERSO, P. W. RANDOLPH, M. D., J. C. MITCHELL, JOHN ALLYN, DR. H. J. PAIN, DR. J. H. JOSELYN, C. C. COOLIDGE, DR. C. C. KNOWLES, SAN FRANCISCO;

HENRY MILLER, W. F. LYON, D. H. BOWMAN, MR. HOTT, SACRAMENTO;

A. C. STEWART, J. J. OWEN, W. N. STODOL, SANTA CLARA;

GIBBS, SAN JOAQUIN;

A. B. PAUL, INYO;

MRS. L. HUTCHISON, MONO;

THOMAS LLOYD, NEVADA;

A. SHELLENBERGER, YUBA;

DR. HENGERBERG, NAPA;

MRS. THOMAS, ALAMEDA;

MR. GLASS, TULUMINE;

C. P. HATCH, SONOMA;

IRA ALLEN, SANTA CRUZ;

L. A. GITCHELL, DEL NORTE;

R. H. ALLEN, BUTTE;

ELIZABETH, CALUMNIA, PLUMAS;

MR. RYK, YOLO;

MRS. LAMSON, EMERALDA.

State Central Committee.

## CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

ON AND AFTER NOVEMBER 29, 1866.

Railroad will run as follows:

Passenger trains will leave Sacramento at 6:30 A. M., and arrive at Chico at 12:30 P. M.; also, at 1 P. M., arriving at Chico at 7:30 P. M.

Going West.

Passenger train leaves Chico at 6:30 A. M., and arrives at Sacramento at 12:30 P. M.; also, at 1 P. M., arriving at Sacramento at 7:30 P. M.

The morning passenger trains connect at Auburn with stages for Yankee Jim's Forest Hill, Michigan Bluffs and Georgetown; and at Colfax with Stages for Grass Valley, Nevada and San Juan; and at Chico with Stages for Summit City, Austin, Virginia City, and all points in the State of Nevada.

The 6:30 A. M. train connects at the junction with the cars of the California Central Railroad for Lincoln and Marysville, and all points north.

All trains run daily, Sundays excepted.

C. C. CROCKER,  
Superintendent C. P. R. R.

G. F. HARTWELL, Assistant Superintendent.

## General News Agents.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED FOR PAPERS AND MAGAZINES PUBLISHED IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Send for Subscription List. Address HOIN BROS., N. W. corner Montgomery and Jackson streets, San Francisco.

## DAILY COAST LINE.

San Juan & Los Angeles U. S. M. Stages.

Daily Winter Arrangements for 1866 & 1867.

PASSENGER TRAINS leave SAN FRANCISCO from the New Depot, Junction of Market and Valencia streets:

For San Juan at 8:30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.  
Leave San Jose at 7:30 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.  
ON SUNDAYS:  
Leave San Francisco at 8:40 A. M. and 4:00 P. M.  
Leave San Jose at 8:40 A. M. and 4:00 P. M.  
FRICTION TRAINS with Passenger Cars attached leave San Francisco at 8:40 A. M. and 4:00 P. M.  
Leave San Jose at 8:40 A. M. and 4:00 P. M.  
Excursion Tickets issued on SATURDAY AFTERNOONS and SUNDAYS, good for return until MONDAY MORNING ONLY.

H. M. NEVILL, President.  
R. P. HAMMOND, Sup't.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

THROUGH LINE TO NEW YORK,  
CARRYING UNITED STATES MAIL!

LEAVES FOLSOM STREET WHARF AT 11 O'CLOCK, FOR PANAMA, connecting with PANAMA RAILROAD with one of the Company's splendid Steamers for ASHIN WALL for NEW YORK.

On the 10th, 18th and 30th of each month that has 30 days. On the 10th, 18th and 30th of each month that has 31 days. When the 10th, 18th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding, when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamers leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departures of 18th connect with French Transatlantic Company's Steamers for St. Nazaire and English Steamers for South America.

Departure of the 10th connects with English Steamers for Southampton and South America, and P. E. R. Co's Steamers for Central America.

The following Steamships will be dispatched on dates as given below:

March 9—Steamship "SACRAMENTO," Capt. J. M. Cavaly. Cabin passengers berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed to each adult. Medicine and attendance free.

Through tickets will positively sail at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets for Liverpool by the Cunard, Inman and National Steamship Lines, can be obtained at office of the P. M. S. Co., San Francisco.

For Merchandise apply to Messrs. WELLS, FARGO & CO.

The splendid Steamship COLORADO will be dispatched on MONDAY, April 1st, 1867, for HONGKONG, via Kanagawa carrying passengers, mails, and freight.

Through tickets for Yokohama, carrying passengers and freight, in February for Yokohama, carrying passengers and freight. For Passage and all other information, apply at the Pacific Mail Steamship Co.'s office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDREDGE, Agent.

## FARE AND FREIGHT REDUCED!

FOR ALVISO, SANTA CLARA, AND SAN JOSE.

THE NEW AND ELEGANT STEAMER

CORA.

T. C. WALKER, Master.

Will leave Pacific Street Wharf, FOR ALVISO, Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, At 9:30 o'clock, A. M.

CONNECTING WITH A SPLENDID LINE OF COACHES FOR SANTA CLARA AND SAN JOSE.

Fare to Alvizo.....\$1 00  
Fare to Santa Clara and San Jose.....1 50  
Freight to Alvizo and Santa Clara.....1 00  
Freight to Santa Clara and San Jose.....1 00

This route is unequalled for comfort, and the traveling public have heartily endorsed its opening by the owners of the CORA. This staunch and exceedingly swift running boat is elegantly fitted up as a Day Boat expressly for this route, with a large airy and luxurious saloon, and a first class dining saloon, and the most comfortable accommodations required by business men, and with the pleasures sought by excursionists; and no expense will be spared by the owners or exertion omitted by the officers and crew of the CORA to insure the comfort and good-will of our patrons.

RETURNING:

Stages leave SAN JOSE at 8 o'clock A. M., every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, connecting with boat at Alvizo; by which arrangement passengers will arrive at San Francisco in time for the business of the day.

For freight or passage apply on board or to P. CADUCE.

Arrangements will be perfected in a few days for carrying freight through to San Jose.

## ALAMEDA FERRY.

FROM PACIFIC STREET WHARF, Connecting with the San Francisco and Alameda Railroad.

THROUGH TO HAYWARD'S BY BOAT AND CARS.

Only Twelve Miles from Warm Springs.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, THE HOUR of departure, except on Sundays, will be as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO. ALAMEDA. SAN LEANDRO. HAYWARD.

9:00 A. M. 9:10 A. M. 9:20 A. M. 9:30 A. M.

2:00 P. M. 2:10 P. M. 2:20 P. M. 2:30 P. M.

4:30 P. M. 4:40 P. M. 4:50 P. M. 5:00 P. M.

The 6 P. M. trip from San Francisco on Saturday evenings will be omitted.

SUNDAY TIME.

SAN FRANCISCO. ALAMEDA. SAN LEANDRO. HAYWARD.

9:00 A. M. 9:10 A. M. 9:20 A. M. 9:30 A. M.

11:30 P. M. 11:40 P. M. 11:50 P. M. 12:00 P. M.

4:30 P. M. 4:40 P. M. 4:50 P. M. 5:00 P. M.

6:00 P. M. 6:10 P. M. 6:20 P. M. 6:30 P. M.

7:00 P. M. 7:10 P. M. 7:20 P. M. 7:30 P. M.

8:00 P. M. 8:10 P. M. 8:20 P. M. 8:30 P. M.

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